

London
Normal School
Spectrum

1939

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The Year Book
of
The London Normal School

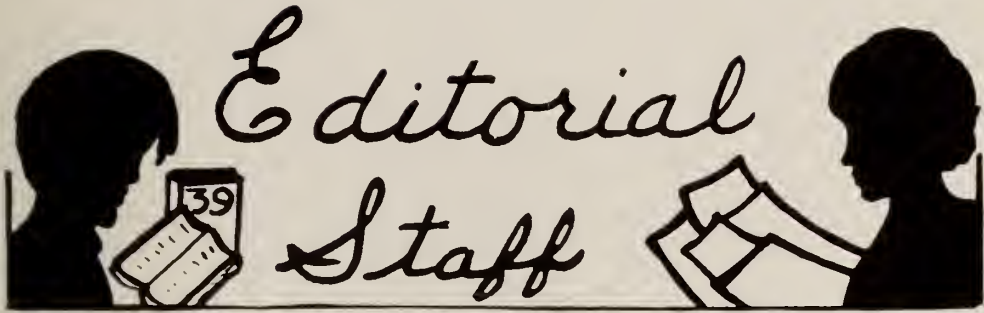


Dedication

*To the principal and the staff
who have given us such excellent
guidance, we dedicate this book.*

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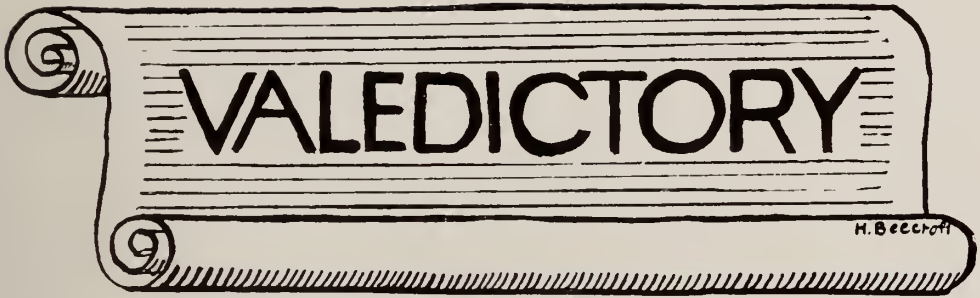


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<i>Typist</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Margaret Phipps





*Main Entrance,
London Normal
School*



✧ ✧ ✧ ✧ ✧ IT is hard to bid farewell to Normal. Enjoyable associations with masters and fellow-students, both in the classroom and without, have fostered friendships which make parting a sadness. Personal memories of success and failure, of hard work and good times—the night our boarding-house mistress complained when we spent nearly an entire night trying to master Principles of Method, the time it rained when we went hiking, the happy day when we blundered upon an honour lesson—how powerfully such memories charge with sentiment our thoughts of Normal! Even the old school building itself—the impressive reach of the building and tower, the graceful curve of the walk, the picture-laden walls of the rooms—rouses a feeling of sorrow at the prospect of departure from it. Yes, it is indeed hard to bid farewell to Normal.

But the sadness of departure is more than a little tinged with a kind of joy, for the conclusion of this year marks the beginning of a great new period in our lives. Next year will find us teachers and leaders in various communities throughout the country—afire with the high ideals and enthusiasm of youth. May this divine flame, whose presence makes teaching full with zest and inspiration, and whose absence renders it drab and almost profitless, burn within us as long as we have pupils within our care. May we never fail to found our lessons upon sound principles of method, and at the same time to enliven them with delightful variations of originality; to research in the science of teaching, not merely to accept the statements of others; and to practice teaching as an art, not as a job which must be done. Perhaps it is this view of the life ahead of us which rouses the feeling that there are so many worth-while things to think and do, and so little time in which to do them, that we can not too soon leave this school and take up our positions. And so, anticipation of the life ahead tempers the sadness of departure with a kind of joy.

To all those who have helped and instructed us throughout the year, we express our deepest gratitude—to the masters and instructors whose patience and kindness have been a lesson in themselves, to the critic teachers whose suggestions have proved so helpful, and to the boarding-house mistresses whose motherly welcomes have made us feel at home. Indeed, not only have these made our year most profitable, but they have made it so pleasurable also that the days seem actually to have flown by like laughter in the wind. It is almost as if we must say in one breath, as did the Roman poet, “ave atque vale”—hail and farewell.

Brief but full has been our day at Normal. It is with mingled feelings of sorrow and gladness, of regret and eagerness, that we bid farewell to her halls.

—K. VOGAN.

Our Masters

Principal C. E. Mark, B.A., D.Paed.

School Management, Methodology of Geography and Spelling.

Over the brow of the hill and beyond the horizon lies many a charming vista for him who has courage and perseverance.

T. E. Clarke, B.A., B.Paed.

Science of Education, Methodology of Grammar and Composition.

May your pupils develop in their creative expression some measure of those qualities that have characterized your own essays, presented before the Literary Society or submitted for the Year Book.

G. W. Hofferd, M.A., D.Paed.

Methodology of Science, Agriculture and Horticulture, Nature Study.

To have had a share in developing in you right thoughts concerning education has been a pleasure. May these serve you as a reliable guide in your wider adventures as a teacher and a citizen. Sowing seeds of kindness, cultivating high ideals, and fostering the habit of relating cause and effect will be among your most direct responsibilities. You can achieve the highest goal only if you exercise common sense, studious habits and good will towards others. May you have good success!

J. G. McEachern, B.A., B.Paed.

Advanced English, Methodology of Literature, Reading and History.

*"Follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought."* Tennyson.

E. H. McKone, B.A., B.Paed.

School Management, Methodology of Arithmetic, Primary Reading, Algebra and Geometry.

The satisfaction resulting from work well done is man's highest reward.



Our Instructors

Isabel E. Davidson

Dean of Women and Instructor in Home Economics and Hygiene.

*"For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature, and of noble mind."*—Tennyson.

Dorothy Emery, A. O. C. A.

Instructor of Art.

"Many people feel Art, some understand it; but few both feel and understand it."
—Hilliard.

Louise Gahan

Librarian and Instructor in Library Methods.

*"Books should to one of these four ends conduce
For wisdom, piety, delight or use."*—Denham.

A. F. Hagerman

Instructor in Manual Training.

Read: *First Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Corinthians, Chapter 13.*

W. F. Marshall

Instructor in Writing and Business Practice.

"It is the supreme art of the teacher to awaken joy in creative expression and knowledge." —Albert Einstein.

Doris Rider, B.A.

Instructor in Physical Education.

Graduation should not be the end of your association with the Normal School, but rather the beginning of a permanent friendship.

May you have every success in the future as members of the teaching profession.

C. E. Wheeler, F. C. C. O.

Instructor in Music.

"Does it not seem rational that we should take advantage of every opportunity to fit ourselves to enjoy the great emotional stimulus that music brings, that we may use it as an accompaniment to our daily tasks, with a song on our lips and a thrill in our hearts."

Winifred R. Prendergast

Secretary and Registrar.

"We bid you Godspeed."



CRITIC STAFF

THE word "criticism" to most individuals has an unsavoury meaning. Criticism is always difficult to accept, particularly if it is of an adverse nature. Our critic teachers have in a most admirable fashion changed our concept of the word. Their criticisms were so kindly given and so constructively helpful that the name critic teacher and the word criticism have lost their ominous meaning and have assumed a more charitable purport.

Still, we approached those Friday mornings with trembling knees and prayers in our hearts. What would the fateful white assignment slips contain? Anything from a Zulu dancer to a stock market broker might be required of us. As we approached the school such thoughts as these came tumbling into our troubled minds—"I know I'll have a Rote song, I just know I will and I can't sing a note. That class, I hear, is just dreadful to manage." Fortunately such torturing thoughts came to an end when we reached the school and found, by the "Question and Answer Method," the required room.

The kindly person who said "good morning" in no way resembled the ogre which our overwrought imaginations had produced. Soon, too, those gloomy fears concerning our lesson assignments were dispelled or confirmed. Even if the dreaded Rote song had to be sung, the teacher benevolently refrained from mentioning the time your voice cracked. Criticism? Of course. But always given so that we felt that the next time we should know how to do better and would improve.

Hence, out of our vague fears grew a more comprehensive knowledge of the teaching art. May we strive to emulate those principles which our critic teachers have so ably demonstrated, principles which will help to make us better teachers and our pupils more efficient citizens.

—MARGARET BRAIDFORD.

Urban and Rural School Critic Teachers

Governor Simcoe School	Tecumseh Avenue School	Wortley Road School	Victoria School
Mr. F. H. Galpin	Mr. L. D. McCamus	Mr. W. B. Wyatt	Miss G. Bapty
Miss M. Lancaster	Miss E. I. Davey	Miss S. E. McKone	
Miss Z. Fawkes	Miss G. Morris	Miss Lena Dunn	Rural Schools
Miss V. Tisdale	Miss H. Rogers	Miss C. Sparling	Mr. W. G. Rigney
Miss I. McLeish	Miss M. Gregory	Mrs. P. Smith	Miss I. Loft
Miss L. R. Hoffman		Mr. T. A. Willis	Miss M. McLean
Miss I. P. Graham		Miss A. Davidson	Miss L. M. Insell
Miss M. Buckle			Miss M. Penhale
			Mrs. Paterson

High School Critic Teachers

Central Collegiate	Sir Adam Beck Collegiate Institute
Mr. J. P. S. Nethercott, M.A.	Mr. W. C. Johnson, B.A., Principal
Mr. C. S. Buck, M.A.	Mr. R. J. Blake, B.A.
Mr. E. O. Hall, M.A.	Mr. John W. Dodd, B.A.
Mr. W. R. Urlin, B.A.	Mr. W. M. Herron, M.A.
Miss D. McCann, B.A., B.Paed.	Mr. W. E. Shales, M.A., B.Paed.
Mr. R. G. Campbell, B.A.	Mr. D. H. Strangways, B.A.
Mr. E. A. Miller, M.A., Principal	Miss Agnes Vrooman, M.A.
	Mr. D. J. A. Wright, B.A.

EDITORIAL



YOUR editor wishes to make an announcement and promises that this one will be the last.

May we thank you for your co-operation in helping us to present "The Spectrum" dressed in a more substantial garment than it has ever before possessed. The London Normal School publication is no longer a yearly magazine. It has reached the status of a "year book" in all respects. We hope that the contents are as pleasing as the cover.

You have been persistent in your requests for an explanation of the appellation of your book. To grant this wish, we shall attempt to satisfy these queries.

Eight years ago an enterprising editor changed the shape and the name of the magazine, but left no clue to the reason for the change to enlighten his successors. Nor has anyone since attempted to qualify the title; but probably it brought to them the same picture that occurs to us.

The Spectrum is designed to focus our gaze into all aspects of our school year—to give a glimpse through one clear prism into a series of the most gaily coloured memories that we could select.

Just as the colour spectrum embraces more than can be seen at a glance, so our spectrum pierces beyond manifestations of actual occurrences to include the expression of the thoughts of some of our students.

In conclusion I wish to thank the Year Book executive for their fine co-operation in our enterprise. We shall all long remember the many problems encountered and overcome to produce this Year Book.

—ANNE PARK.

Editorial of Associate Editor

We give you the Year Book of the class of 1938-1939. Between these two crimson covers are the accomplishments, the ambitions and the disappointments of our class. We do not pretend that this effort has produced a literary masterpiece, but it is our own and of that fact we are proud.

*My mind lets go a thousand things,
Like dates of wars and deaths of kings.*—Aldrich.

But we do remember the little happenings of our year at Normal. They have been so very important to us, and are here recorded so that in years to come we may not forget the smallest detail.

Our contribution to the library of the world is a very humble one. But if this book gives a moment's pleasurable reflection in future years its end has been justified.

—MARION McCLAFFERTY.

EDWARD CASEY
R. R. No. 2
Ridgetown



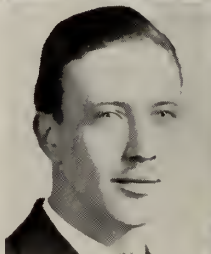
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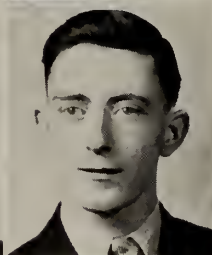
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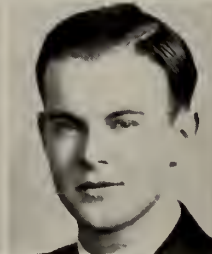
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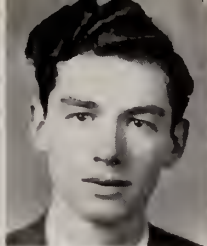
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DOREEN PIKE, R. R. No. 2, Kerrwood
JACK SCHNECKENBURGER, R. R. No. 3, Rodney
SISTER M. CONCESSA, Sacred Heart Convent,
London
SISTER MIRIAM, Sacred Heart Convent, London

In Memory
of
Phyllis Trouty

who passed away January 16, 1939

*"Grieve not that I die young. Is it not well
To pass away ere life hath lost its brightness?"*

In Memory
of
W. J. Karr, B.A., D. Dæd.

Director of Professional Training, Department of Education

who passed away December 11, 1938

*Life's race well run,
Life's work well done,
Life's crown well won,
Now comes rest.*



student parliament

1st term



2nd term



student parliament



1st term literary society



year book committee



2nd term literary society



dramatic club



novelists



puppeteers



red cross society





1st
term
girls'
athletic
society

1st
term
boys'
athletic
society



2nd
term

2nd
term



girls' athletic
society



boys' athletic
society



girls' basketball
team



inter-form champions



boys' basketball team



First Term Student Parliament

PRESIDENT	- - - -	Earl Moore	Form Representatives	
VICE-PRESIDENT	- -	Mary Cheesman	Form I	- - - - - Jack Fowlie
SECRETARY	- - -	Agnes Donaldson	Form II	- - - - - Norma Douglas
TREASURER	- - -	Ralph Hagerman	Form III	- - - - - Jean Humphries
			Form IV	- - - - - Catherine McGarvin

✧ ✧ ✧ ✧ **S**HORTLY after the first term opened, nominations for the executive of the Student Parliament were made. An enthusiastic election campaign followed and the elections resulted in the above-mentioned executive. At the first meeting, October 4, Dr. Mark explained several terms of the constitution which were not clear to the members and outlined their duties for the term. A tentative list of student activities was arranged.

On October 12 a meeting was called and arrangements made for a Hallowe'en party. The party, which was in charge of committees under the direction of members of the executive, took place on Friday, October 28. At this gala affair Dr "Dafoe" Mark presented his famous little charges (the women members of the staff).

The outstanding item on the first term calendar was, of course, the drawing up of the budget and the fixing of the student fees. Each society had to draw up a budget and present this to the Student Parliament where it was cut and revised. This business was carried on over a number of meetings and with a great deal of argument on all points. The budget was finally set and was passed by the student assembly after some consideration.

The budget war over, we next turned to Christmas activities. A Christmas card was selected and the sale of these carried on by the secretary. A party was planned for the last day of school but, due to the death of Dr. Karr, was postponed till the Thursday following our return from holidays. After the presentation of the operetta, the guests and cast enjoyed dancing and a **light** lunch.

This completed the list of activities for the term, and on February 21 the reins were handed over to the newly-elected executive.

—AGNES DONALDSON.

Second Term Student Parliament

PRESIDENT	-	-	-	-	Earle Hampel					Representatives
VICE-PRESIDENT	-	-	-	-	Isabelle Hale	Form I	-	-	-	Frank Zurbrigg
TREASURER	-	-	-	-	Reid Smith	Form II	-	-	-	Ruth Campbell
SECRETARY	-	-	-	-	Keith Plumb	Form III	-	-	-	Ruth James
						Form IV	-	-	-	Yvonne Sheriff

THE Second Term Student Parliament held its first meeting on February twenty-first, with members of the First Term Parliament present to give advice as to the duties of the executive. The new rings and pins were discussed and designs decided upon.

Subsequent meetings were concerned with the banquet held on the evening of March thirtieth. This affair, the most important social event of the school year, was under the direction of Miss Davidson and Wilma Partridge, who, with their staff, provided a dinner that will long remain in the minds of the guests as one of the most enjoyable they have ever attended. Special guests of the evening were Doctor and Mrs. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Wheable, Mr. and Mrs. Lucas, and the representatives from the Normal Schools of Toronto, Stratford and Hamilton. We were very glad to welcome Miss Betty Slichter and Mr. Jim Rickaby from Toronto, Miss Marion Forbeck and Miss Audrey Foster from Stratford, and Miss Isobel Bowman and Mr. Robert Holmes from Hamilton.

Doctor H. M. Thomas, of the History Department of the University of Western Ontario, was our guest speaker. Doctor Thomas' timely topic was "Canada's National Defence," and his interesting address served to bring forth clearly Canada's position today in a world of turmoil. Mr. Wheable and Mr. Lucas addressed us briefly and showed us conclusively that a lively sense of humour is one of the planks in a successful educational platform.

The banquet was concluded by the rendition of two numbers by the Glee Club, under the direction of Mr. Wheeler.

After the banquet the guests repaired to the gymnasium for the dance. The decorating committee, under the direction of Catharine Butt, had attractively decorated the gymnasium in the school colours of scarlet and gold. Reid Smith, who had charge of the lights, had provided an ingenious lighting effect which added to the colourful scene. Credit must be given to Helen Echlin, also, for providing us with programmes decorated in the colours of the school. It hardly need be added that all present enjoyed themselves to the full.

—KEITH PLUMB.

The First Term Literary Society

Executive					Form Representatives				
PRESIDENT	-	-	-	Margaret Braidford	Form I	-	-	-	May Alexander
VICE-PRESIDENT	-	-		Kingsley Vogan	Form II	-	-	-	Catharine Butt
SECRETARY	-	-	-	Mary Colquhoun	Form III	-	-	-	Elizabeth Hone
TREASURER	-	-	-	Kathryn Hayes	Form IV	-	-	-	Dene Weller

THE programmes during the first term showed great variety in their themes. They included a programme of classical music, one in which current events were reviewed, and one in which the students were divided into groups for the discussion of topics in which everyone was interested. Music was a contributory feature which added to the enjoyment of the programmes. We are very proud of the musical talent of some of our fellow-students.

On October 14 the executive planned a trip to Springbank, and the students spent an enjoyable afternoon roaming through the park.

We were very fortunate to have as speaker Mr. J. M. Humphries, of Vancouver, B.C., who presented a travelogue on British Columbia, illustrated with coloured lantern slides.

The highlight of the term was the contest among the Forms. Miss Gahan and Miss Davidson were chosen to act as judges.

Form IV took as the theme for their programme the life of Pauline Johnson. Drama, song and narration were cleverly interwoven to depict the life of the Indian poetess.

Form II chose the topic of "Education—a contrast between the old and new systems." They presented original skits representing scenes in a classroom of 1900 and in a modern classroom.

Form III showed us shadow pictures of "The Three Billy Goats Gruff." They also presented very ably the pantomime "Sleeping Beauty."

Huxley's definition of education, with which all the students were familiar, was the theme on which Form I based their programme. Various conditions of the definition were dramatized.

The judges decided that the standard of Form I's programme was superior.

The contest was climaxed by a party in honour of the winning Form.

It is felt that the class of 1938-1939 is characterized by its desire to be of service and its willingness to co-operate.

—MARY COLQUHOUN.

The Second Term Literary Society

Executive					Form Representatives						
PRESIDENT	-	-	-	-	Dene Weller	Form I	-	-	-	-	Keith Syer
VICE-PRESIDENT	-				Marion McClafferty	Form II	-	-	-	-	Helen Echlin
SECRETARY	-	-			Constance Lamont	Form III	-	-	-	-	Jean Johnston
TREASURER	-	-	-		Jean Humphries	Form IV.	-	-			Winifred Vining

✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ **I**N view of the splendid programmes presented by our predecessors we realized that we had quite a high standard to maintain. We have done our valiant best. If you have reaped even a light harvest of enjoyment or benefit we feel fully recompensed for our efforts.

Due to the keen interest created in the art of story-telling by the previous executive, we continued in this vein at our first meeting. Miss Margaret Braidford and Miss Anne Park provided the highlights by relating children's stories in a most bewitching manner.

A schedule of Inter-Form debates, which resulted in a victory for Form IV, proved entertaining and argumentative over a period of three weeks.

An old-fashioned spelling bee, conducted by Dr. Mark, proved provocative of thought and merriment during the meeting of February 24. Miss Gloria Downey emerged the champion for Form II after out-spelling representatives from each Form.

Members of the Puppet Group provided a novel programme on March 10, by presenting hand-made puppets in three short skits, written by the students. The stories of "The Brave Little Taylor," "Hansel and Gretel" and "Jack and the Beanstalk" were indelibly impressed upon the audience by the diminutive but entrancing actors and actresses whose performances were controlled by their operators' hands. Everyone unanimously agreed upon the success of this venture.

A strong sentiment, aroused in honour of Ireland's patron saint, was expressed in song and literature on March 17 by staunch admirers from the student body. "Shur-r and it was i' faith a foin performance."

As a demonstration of correlation and co-operation, the contributions to the Year Book were utilized by the Literary Society and formed the theme of the meeting held on March 24. Narratives and essays brought to light native talent which has lain dormant throughout the year, and conclusively illustrated the ability of a number of students in the field of Composition.

The Naturalists' Society were responsible for the programme of March 31. A series of instructive films, accompanied by explanations by Mr. Steadman of Manor Park School, were thoroughly enjoyed by the students.

A mock trial presented by members of the society, a play by the Players' Guild of the school, a demonstration by the Red Cross Society and a programme centering about the different nationalities represented in the student body, were the varied activities which completed the four remaining meetings and brought to a close the Literary Society's endeavours for the year 1938-1939.

—CONSTANCE LAMONT.



First Term

Miss Rider - - - - -
Gloria Downey - - - - -
Marjory Beatty - - - - -
Wilma Goodison - - - - -
Mildred Hicks - - - - -

HONORARY PRESIDENT - - - - -
PRESIDENT - - - - -
VICE-PRESIDENT - - - - -
SECRETARY - - - - -
TREASURER - - - - -

Second Term

Miss Rider
Margaret Beattie
Kathryn Hayes
Elizabeth Hone
Gertrude Laidlaw

Form Representatives

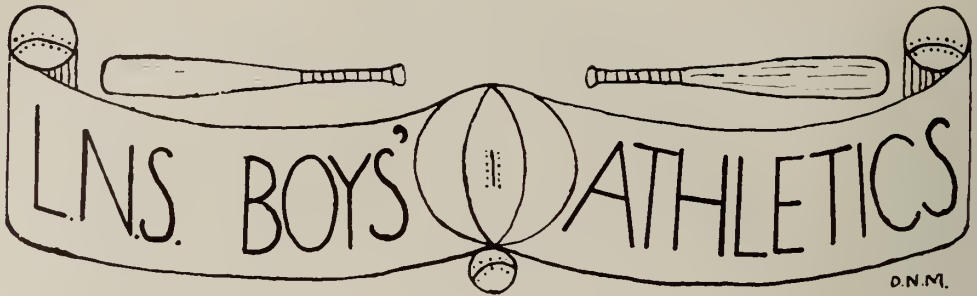
Form I - - - - - Margaret Beattie, Nora Balkwill
Form II - - - - - Margaret Carter, Edna Brown
Form III - - - - - Edna Leeson, Margaret Hutchison
Form IV - - - - - Wilma Partridge, Isabel Taylor

THE results of the election for the First Term Athletic Society were scarcely announced before the executives began planning a party. This party, called "The Pot of Gold," was held on November 17, and was under the combined leadership of the boys' and girls' Athletic Societies. It took the form of a Treasure Hunt and proved very successful.

Form spirit was aroused by a series of basketball games between the Forms. The girls were all quite enthusiastic about these games and, under the leadership of Gloria Downey, the games were played without any casualties. Form I girls, due to their deficiency in numbers, lost their first game by default to Form II and so were left sadly behind. Forms III and IV, with Jean Humphries and Anne Park respectively as captains, valiantly fought three games, the first of which Form IV won but the last two of which were won by Form III. Then Forms II and III met. Many and minor were the cuts and bruises received by the players in the two games which followed, but Form II, with Agnes Donaldson as captain, were the victors. The winning team, which consisted of Agnes Donaldson, Jean Brown, Alice Brown, Edna Brown, Margaret Braidford, Catharine Butt, Mary Fenik, Doris Gent, Mabel Graham and Marion Brock, were presented with crests. These crests were designed by Miss Emery and made by the girls of the school under the supervision of Miss Davidson. The girls on the school team also received these crests, as well as another memento of their membership on the 1938-1939 basketball team. The girls began practising for the school team soon after school was begun. The team chosen consisted of Gloria Downey (captain), Margaret Carter, Margaret Beattie and Yvonne Sheriff as forwards, and Mildred Armstrong, Nora Balkwill and Norma Douglas as guards. Gloria Downey coached the forward line and Mildred Armstrong the guards.

A softball team was organized in the spring to play at Guelph. School songs and yells were also learned to be used at the meet.

—MARGARET BEATTIE.



First Term				Second Term			
G. Schleihauf	-	-	-	PRESIDENT	-	-	W. Duncan
A. Morris	-	-	-	VICE-PRESIDENT	-	-	J. Fowlie
E. Gawley	-	-	-	SECRETARY	-	-	D. MacLachlan
H. Leach	-	-	-	Treasurer	-	-	E. Casey

♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ **W**HEN the Normal School opened for its 1938-1939 session, the boys as usual found themselves in the minority. After the confusion and excitement of registration had passed away, we got down to the serious business of electing an executive to encourage any athletic ambitions in the large group of seventeen.

What we lacked in numbers, however, was made up by quality. Only six or seven turned up for basketball practice, but from this group came a team feared by many. Early in the autumn we invaded the upper regions for a few practices. Our opponents in most of these workouts were our contemporaries, the girls of L.N.S. More humorous incidents occurred in these games than in all the regular games put together. It was no unusual sight to see us rolling with laughter but still trying to play basketball.

Our work in the first term might be summarized as a poor start. However, in all our jousts we can boast that we made our opponents know that they were in a game. Even such old-timers as Westervelts had their hands full in the second game and were compelled to use their coach, who was at least a head taller than any of us.

However, after Christmas the tide turned. We lost twice to Beck by narrow margins, but our next four games were chalked up as victories. Beyond doubt, practice makes perfect.

Basketball was not the only field in which the Athletic Societies made themselves felt. Sponsored jointly by the Girls' and Boys' Athletic Societies, three social events were held during the year. On November 18, 1938, a most enjoyable evening was spent in a scavenger hunt. Along this line the Society sponsored a dance after our home game with South Collegiate. Although we experienced the common difficulty around Normal, that is, a shortage of boys, the evening was a complete success. On February 20 we invited the student body to a sleigh-ride party. Old Man Weather refused to favour us with a timely snowfall, so that the programme took the form of a hard-time party instead. Skits were enacted by different groups and a period of dancing followed.

The first seasonable days of April found a faithful few out practicing baseball on the campus, in anticipation of the games played at Guelph.

—EDWIN GAWLEY.



~~~~~ AFTER our being initiated into the routine of Normal School, Mr. Wheeler made the welcome announcement that he wished a Glee Club to be formed. As we so appreciated Mr. Wheeler's offer to direct our musical attempts, a large percentage of the student body fluxed to support the enterprise.

The Glee Club executive was elected, being composed of the president, Mary Cheesman, the Secretary-treasurer, Keith Plumb, and the librarians, Ralph Hagerman and Kingsley Vogan.

Gay times have been enjoyed of a Tuesday night after four, as members of the Club joined to give voice to the invigorating "Changing of the Guard," the inspiring "Go Down Moses" and other songs of various types.

"Swing Low" and "The Hunting Song" composed the special numbers contributed by the Glee Club at the banquet on the evening of March 30.

The most interesting feature presented by the Club was an Operetta—"The Madcaps," under the apt direction of Mr. Wheeler.

The story dealt with the trials of Boreas, Old Sol and Master Painter for supposed injustices inflicted upon the Mortals during the four Seasons. The spirits of Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter declared their case before the Goddess of Seasons. As a result the general dissatisfaction was settled.

Dene Weller, in her usual gracious manner, represented the Goddess of the Seasons. Solos were sung by Mary Cheesman, Frank Zurbrigg and Kingsley Vogan. Francis Frankfurth and Earle Hampel sang a duet. The Operetta featured dances and choruses by the Daffodils and Violets, Rosebuds, Bluebells, Dancing Leaves, and Ten Little Nigger Boys. The latter group provided an amusing touch by means of their costumes and mannerisms.

Special thanks are merited by the students who designed the gaily attractive costumes. We appreciate the assistance of Miss Rider and Miss Gahan in directing the dancing and acting.

—MARY CHEESMAN.



THE London Normal School Naturalists' Club was organized, as one of the four extra-curricular activities, under the leadership of Dr. Hofferd. The organization meeting was attended by many husky would-be naturalists who chose the following officers: Hon. President, Dr. Hofferd; President, Gertrude Bergey; Vice-President, Harold Leach; Secretary-Treasurer, Frank Zurbrigg; Programme Committee, May Alexander, Earl Moore, Duncan MacLachlan.

Our first meeting was a trip to Kellogg's, where we spent a very interesting and instructive hour. Competent guides showed us the various processes and machines necessary for the production of the famous Corn Flakes. To make a fitting ending to an enjoyable trip, Kellogg's supplied us with post cards bearing a picture of the plant with the added incentive of free postage.

The programme of the next month's meeting was completely supplied by native talent. Several members of the club gave interesting talks on John James Audubon, Louis Agassiz Fuertes, John Burroughs, and Bailey's "The Nature Study Idea".

A week later the Naturalists assembled once more to study London's water system and hydro-electric plant. We are grateful to the London officials for their kindness in showing us about and explaining how we get pure water from our taps and such excellent light from our bulbs.

On the fifth of April the Naturalists again convened in our usual meeting place, Room 16. The gathering was off to a hilarious start with a bird romance. Many and comical were the answers to this quiz, but we soon calmed down to hear an interesting talk on radium. Then two of our wittiest members contributed a humorous dialogue which brought the meeting to a close on a joyous note.

By this time we felt that we were accomplished in the art of presenting programmes and decided to try our hand at a Literary Society meeting. Being Naturalists, naturally we were original. We secured three reels of motion pictures—"Bird City," Grey Owl's "The Call of the Wild", and "Hunting Big Game". Through the kind co-operation of Mr. Steadman, of Manor Park school, who brought his class and supplied the film projection lantern, the programme was judged a real success.

At the date of writing we are planning a series of nature hikes and field trips to round out our year. On the third of May we are going to venture forth to the Coves, which have long been a rendezvous for naturalists. In the wee sma' hours of the morning of May 12 we shall proceed to Saunders' pond to catch glimpses of our bird friends as they pour forth their joyous melodies.

And last, but not least, we should like to pay tribute to our honorary president, who has devoted his time and talents untiringly to further the interests of our club. It was through his patronage, too, that the meetings of the McIlwraith Ornithological Club and the Royal Astronomical Society (London Centre) were open to us. Let us say again "Thanks a million!"

—FRANK ZURBRIGG.



# Puppets



♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ A NEW activity has been added this year to the Normal School's ever-broadening field of interests. When we say new, we do not mean that it is an invention of this year's student body, for we are told that the Egyptians several thousand years before Christ were the first to use puppets. Thus in spite of the fact that someone has said "The old order changeth, giving place to new," we prefer to say "There is nothing new under the sun."

The truth of the matter is that there has been a revival of interest in this age-old amusement and the modern age has found a real delight in it. It was due to the interest and zeal of Miss Emery that the puppet group was organized at Normal. Thanks to her generosity in time and energy the groundwork was laid and very rapidly the Puppeteers imbibed their director's eagerness. They have done some valuable constructive work, and the experience gained by members of this Saturday morning gathering has been well worth the effort involved.

The Puppeteers presented to the student body, on one of the Literary Society programmes, an entertainment composed of original plays based on some of our well-known fairy tales. The subjects chosen by the three groups into which this club was divided were "The Brave Little Taylor," "Jack and the Beanstalk," and "Hansel and Gretel." This variety of characters gave the Puppeteers an opportunity to display their powers of interpretation as they imitated the voices of the different characters. The programme was received with genuine enjoyment by the student body, and was spoken of so enthusiastically outside of the school that its fame spread abroad. As a result the Puppeteers were invited by Mr. McCamus to present their programme to the students of Tecumseh School. There the miniature actors were hailed with great enthusiasm, especially by the junior members of the school.

Our puppets are not dressed in the gold and silver garments which wealthy rulers once lavished on them. They are attired in the simple "homespun" of the Normal students' "loom." Our stage is likewise handmade, and yet, because of that very fact, we feel that we have accomplished something worthwhile. We thoroughly enjoy this erstwhile delight of Emperors and we are grateful to those who have made it possible.

—SISTER MIRIAM.



# DRAMATIC CLUB

PRESIDENT - - Margaret Braidford SECRETARY-TREASURER - Wilma Partridge  
VICE-PRESIDENT - - Kingsley Vogan AUXILIARY COMMITTEE - Yvonne Sheriff  
William Duncan

THE Dramatic group, with a membership of nearly forty, was organized under Mr. McEachern's direction on February 1st. At this meeting the executive was elected and the organization named the "Players' Guild."

\* \* \*

On March 17, at the Literary Society's meeting, the Guild presented a short Irish play, "The Travelling Man," by Lady Gregory, the Irish playwright. The play was capably directed by Mr. Stan Morris. The Irish whimsicality of the play was developed in a most effective manner by the cast of Louise Phillips, Estelle Crewe and William Duncan. The properties were under the direction of Miss Gloria Downey.

\* \* \*

One of the outstanding events in the Guild's programme was an address given by Mrs. G. A. P. Brickenden, of the Dominion Drama League. Mrs. Brickenden outlined the fundamentals of the art of pantomime which she defined as "the telling of a story without the use of the spoken word by employing movement and gesture." Taking such common-place themes as mending a stocking, she illustrated these principles for us. All the members afterwards gained experience in this field by themselves trying to mime given situations. The address was not only interesting and amusing but was also rich in material for use in the future.

\* \* \*

The main dramatic presentation of the year was Stanley Houghton's play, "The Dear Departed," a delightful one-act comedy of a middle-class English family. The cast was Edna Brown, Laverna Boughner, Constance Lamont, Keith Syer, Glen Schleihau and Earle Hampel. The directors were Margaret Braidford and Yvonne Sheriff. Properties were assembled by Winnifred Hayes, Wilma Goodison, William Duncan. The costume committee was made up of Isabel Taylor, Marion Brock, Blanche Adams and Jack Fowlie.

\* \* \*

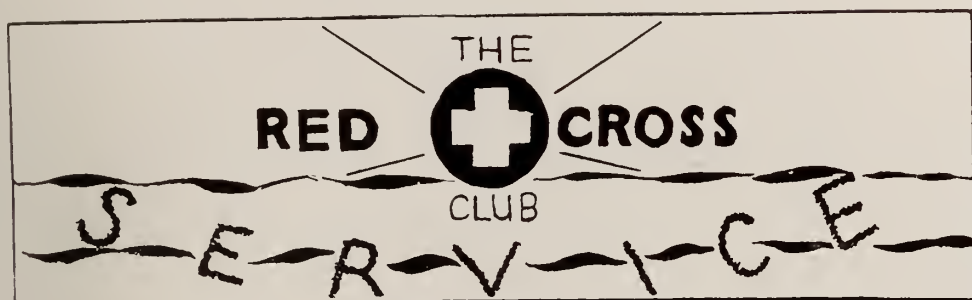
After Easter the group organized into four groups, each of which worked on one phase of dramatics, so that every member would have actual experience on the stage at least once in the year.

\* \* \*

The Guild feels that it has accomplished only a small part of what might be accomplished in dramatics at Normal School. We sincerely hope that future student bodies will deem its purpose worthwhile so that the Players' Guild may grow in strength and usefulness.

—WILMA PARTRIDGE.





THE Red Cross Club, under the direction of Miss Davidson, is an enthusiastic group of home nurses-to-be. Out of an enrolment of thirty-four there has been an average attendance of thirty-one at the six lectures given. The Red Cross nurses who have so generously and efficiently given of their time and talent in training the club members are Miss Black and Miss Price.

Its practicability for the home is one of the most important aspects of the club work. We have learned how to make back rests of wash-boards, those instruments of torture which usually cause backs anything but rest; leg-supports out of broomsticks, the use of which ordinarily tire legs; a desk out of an ironing-board; and bags out of newspapers. Our slogan might well be, "If you want comfort without financial strain, employ us."

Should you doubt our ability to make beds, just lead us to the famous beds of the bears rumpled by Goldilocks. We will straighten them out so that the grumpiest bear will sleep like a deacon in church. We will make only one stipulation, namely, the patient must be willing to remain in bed, and must be able to sleep like a top through an earthquake. One afternoon, a club member was our model patient, and so gentle were our ministrations that she was almost lulled to peaceful slumber.

As you may have noticed, the bed suddenly vanished from sight. It had to be removed owing to the chronic drowsiness of a certain young man who was apparently stricken with sleeping sickness, and could not resist stretching his manly form upon the bed each time he went near it. We had no desire to see him become a second Rip Van Winkle.

The club's contribution to the Literary Society programmes was a Red Cross meeting held by the class of Mr. Willis, together with papers read by club members. Our regular meetings after Easter included the presentation of a health play and a talk on the History of Red Cross.

The members of the club are eagerly looking forward to the time when they can use their newly-acquired knowledge to good advantage in their homes and schools.

—ELIZABETH HONE.

## *... Debates ...*

✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ DURING the month of February, debating societies were formed in the four classes to improve our expression in the noble art of discussion. For several days debates were held in Mr. Clarke's room by the individual classes. The debaters, having thoroughly delved into their past experiences, summoned all their oratorical powers to their aid. They emphatically presented the pros and cons of corporal punishment, careers for women, a two-year Normal course, and the possible union of Canada and U. S. A.

Following these class debates, students were elected to represent their forms in debates to be held in the Assembly Hall as part of the Literary Society programmes.

On February 10, the first debate was held, between the Third and Fourth Forms. Miss Winnifred Hayes explained the meaning of the term "Socialized Medicine," which formed the subject of the debate which read "Resolved that a System of Socialized Medicine should be Introduced into Canada, Making Available to all Complete Medicine Service at Public Expense." Miss Yvonne Sheriff and Miss Anne Park represented Form 4, and upheld the affirmative side. They pointed out that the people of the nation, especially those in poorer circumstances, would be ensured of medical care at all times without the burden of extra expenses. This would really help to prevent diseases from reaching a serious state and might even decrease the death toll of the country. Form 3 was represented by Miss Kathryn Hayes and Miss Jean Humphries. They argued that the proposed system would mean the levying of additional taxes on the middle class citizens. They also pointed out that the unemployment of many doctors, now practising, would result from this system. The judges declared Form 4 the winner.

The following Friday, February 17, Forms 1 and 2 chose as the theme of their debate, "Resolved that Divorce is a Social Asset." Miss Gertrude Bergey and Mr. Kingsley Vogan upheld the affirmative for Form 1. They claimed that divorce is better than a continued state of unhappiness in the home. Miss June Deacon and Miss Agnes Donaldson, representing Form 2, proved that divorce led to greater unhappiness. They also showed the effect of divorce on the children concerned. Form 2 was declared the victorious Form.

On March 3 the final debate was held, between Forms 2 and 4. The speakers chose as their topic "Resolved that Religion and the Arts have done more for Mankind than has Science." Form 4, represented by Miss Anne Park and Miss Yvonne Sheriff, showed that religion and the arts are the inspiration and that all human progress is the result of these inspirations. Miss Margaret Braidford and Miss Norma Douglas took the negative side for Form 2. They reasoned that science is necessary for the fulfilment of artistic and religious tendencies. Form 4 was judged the winning Form.

—JEAN HUMPHRIES.

## *Visitors*

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ DURING our school year we have had some very interesting and educational lectures from distinguished visitors who have spoken to us from time to time. These personal appearances have increased our knowledge by giving us direct experiences and have motivated us to a greater and more successful banner year at London Normal School for 1938-1939.

\* \* \* \*

Dr. Helen MacMurchy, a representative from the Department of Health, Toronto, on September 30 and October 1, gave us a series of lectures on "The Betterment of Our Health," and "Contagious Diseases and Their Prevention." We shall always remember the charming personality of this lovable lady.

\* \* \* \*

An extremely instructive lecture was given us, on October 14, by Miss Jeane Browne, of Toronto. Miss Browne presented the salient features of the work of the Junior Red Cross Society.

\* \* \* \*

The executive of the Literary Society gave us a special treat when they invited Mr. John Humphrey to deliver an illustrated lecture on his own province, British Columbia, on November 4. The colourful pictures and eloquent descriptions of this resident of Vancouver left us with a vivid impression of this Pacific province.

\* \* \* \*

One of the most outstanding of our visitors was Colonel Baker, of Toronto, who came to us on November 17 to speak of the admirable work of the Canadian National Institute of the Blind.

\* \* \* \*

On March 2, Mr. Keefe, of the Department of Education, explained how the Chinese puzzle of register-marking is solved. As there is no impression without expression we attempted to put this knowledge into use. We shall not be able to appreciate to the full this lecture until next September 30.

\* \* \* \*

Dr. Harrison Lewis, the authority on bird life, on March 10, after telling us of the economic and social importance of birds, illustrated a few common birds of this district.

\* \* \* \*

The Inspector of Auxiliary Classes for Ontario, Dr. Stothers, brought to our attention, in a very stimulating manner, the great number of provisions which have been made for the less fortunate children of our province.

\* \* \* \*

On March 20, Mr. LaTrobe, representative from the Ontario Safety League, illustrated with motion pictures the dangers of wreckless drivers and careless pedestrians.

\* \* \* \*

Dr. G. E. Hobbs, of London, on May 2, gave valuable and helpful information in his lecture on Mental Hygiene.

\* \* \* \*

Near the close of the term, Mr. Dunlop, of Toronto University, Mr. Winters, of Queen's University, and Dr. Kingston, of Western University, spoke of the Extension Departments of their respective universities.

—EDNA LEESON.

## *Highlights of March Thirtieth*

✧ ✧ ✧ ✧ AS dusk began to fall over London, the doors of the Normal were opened wide for Normal students in festive attire, who had come to participate in the most enjoyable and successful event of the Normal year. It was the night of the banquet—a night long anticipated and one long to be remembered.

I can see our toastmaster still, resplendent in white tie and tails, as he rose to the heights of oratory while the lovely convener gave encouraging smiles. I can see, too, the masters and students chatting together in a camaradie that was delightful to observe. Joining in the conversation were the charming representatives from Toronto, Hamilton and Stratford, bringing the greetings of their schools.

From behind the colourful bouquets of daffodils and purple tulips, with the Union Jack as their inspiration, there arose members from the student body to toast the Royal Family, the Commonwealth and the Flag. Here was an honour indeed and one of which the students proved themselves worthy. A unique response followed the toasts in the form of stirring musical selections.

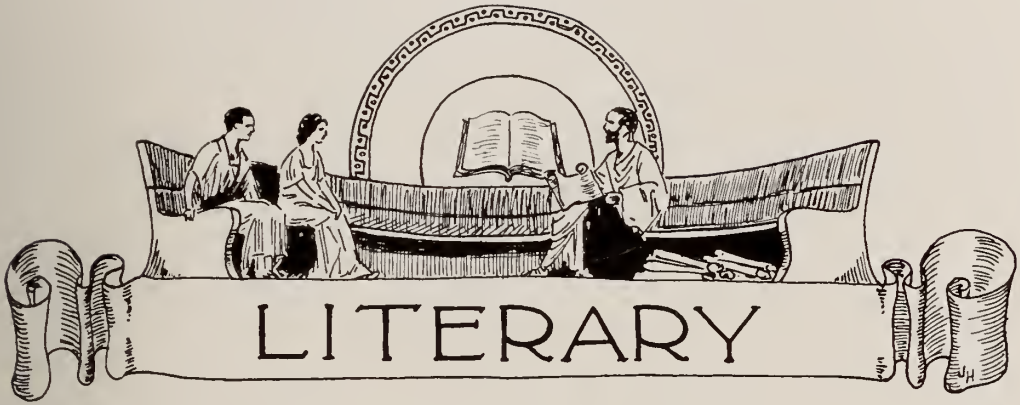
After the banquet, in a little ante-room, the members of the staff spent a pleasant evening at games. Meanwhile in the gymnasium was a picturesque scene, indeed. There, under streamers of scarlet and gold, to the strains of soft music, danced the lovely belles of the Normal and their fortunate escorts. And, in the corners, between the dances could be seen gay groups exchanging dances and signing their scarlet and gold programmes. Here and there might be discovered those couples who cared not to exchange, but rather to devote their time to "one alone."

No less effective than the special lighting effect behind the orchestra, were the lovely gowns of the ladies. Here was an array of colours to delight the eye—exquisite rose and lovely blue, snowy white and sophisticated black, and breath-taking renditions of brown, green and gold. Among them, with hair piled high, gracefully danced an old-fashioned lady in deep rose taffeta.

Then, as the clock neared twelve, the strains of music faded away, the rustling of taffeta and satins ceased and the doors closed after the Cinderellas of the Normal. The lights died out, the rooms became hushed, and silence again prevailed throughout the London Normal School.

—YVONNE SHERIFF.





~~~~~ ONE of the first requisites of a good year book is a worthwhile literary section. But however perfect in theory this statement may seem, in practice it is more easily said than done.

In this Normal School Year Book of 1939, for instance, almost immediately a very serious difficulty arose, that of securing sufficient material worth printing. The Executive felt that the student body would object to a literary assignment; yet, if the matter were left optional, those who would benefit most from the experience would be the most unlikely to respond. For these reasons the assignment was decided upon as the most likely source of suitable material. Each student, therefore, had to submit an article, an essay, a story, or a poem. Mr. Clarke and Mr. McEachern kindly consented to read, criticize and adjudicate these and thereby were of inestimable assistance to the literary committee.

Many of the poems and prose selections submitted were really good, but four of the best were considered too lengthy for printing. These were read in the Literary Society as part of the programme and were much appreciated. The Executive wish to thank each and every contributor and trust that their literary efforts may continue.

—GERTRUDE BERGEY.

I Wonder

*I wonder what this world would be
Without the gladsome notes of song
That burst from bird-throats in the tree,
And seem to cheer the whole day long.*

*I wonder how our earth would look
Without the fragrant flow'rs of spring
That nestle near the babbling brook,
Where butterflies pause on the wing.*

*I wonder would our skies be blue
Without the strong, enduring tie*

*Of friendship, tried and proven true;
The bond of love will never die.*

*I wonder how our hearts would feel
Without the children, jewels rare,
Whose shining eyes to us reveal
The faith and hope and love they bear.*

*I wonder still how could we live
Had not our God made nature fair;
And put in us the power to give;
To scatter sunshine everywhere.*

—June Deacon.



A National Foe

*How like a fawning thief he lurks about
The outskirts of our empire's welded wall,
With wafted hope to pierce a lacking breach
And lash men to the bugle's deadly call.
Alas but failure! then to alien shores,
In fleeting haste he beats his stubborn course
To exercise his puny principles elsewhere.
Thou demon, "War," depart and be remorse.
O nations weld a worsted wall to guard
Our planet from the horrors of this foe,
That God's blest angel "Peace", may e'er attend
That hallowed hearth where national friendships glow.*

—Winnifred C. Hayes.



To The Pine

*In springtime each tree dons a brighter hue,
Which adds verdant lustre when bathed in
the dew,
And thou art amongst them, O, rugged pine,
A monarch so mighty, thou favourite of mine.*

*In summer each tree is an emerald roof,
Where the dusty traveller may stand aloof,
And thou art amongst them, O, rugged pine,
A monarch so mighty, thou favourite of mine.*

*In autumn each tree is a golden flame,
So perfect a picture without a name,
But thou art forever that same green pine,
A monarch so mighty, thou favourite of mine.*

*In winter each tree is in sadness and gloom,
And so unattractive when lit by the moon,
But thou art forever that same green pine,
A monarch so mighty, thou favourite of mine.*

—Winnifred C. Hayes.

Mail From Home

*There's a whirlwind from the Normal
When the doors are opened wide,
And those who loiter on the way
Must needs be brushed aside.*

*There's a scrambling in the hall-way,
And the wild cheers never fail
To ring throughout the household,
When we get the noon-day mail.*

*There are looks of disappointment
When the table's sadly bare,
And the words of consolation
Are flowing everywhere.*

*Just a little less of laughter,
And the cheeks a little pale,
And the hearts a little heavier,
When there is no noon-day mail.*

*For, though our days are happy ones,
While in other spots we roam,
There is always something dearer
In the mail that comes from home.
Something just a little closer—
Something sweeter in the tale—
For we read the news of loved ones
When we read the noon-day mail.*

—Yvonne Sheriff.



Snowfall

*Slowly and softly,
Trembling as with the cold, they come,
Filling the sky with notes of music -
Unsung, unheard -yet soothing to the heart
As is the lullaby.
Torn from the sky
Where each in freedom roamed,
They fall to silence,
Uncalled by man, yet bidden to descend -
The emblem of simplicity,*

*Of truth and purity.
The breeze has gently led them to their rest;
The moon comes forth to smile upon them,
'Til once more they wake,
Flashing their brilliance
To a world of man-made ugliness,
And he—jealous of beauty he cannot adorn—
Tramples them underfoot
Unmindful of their scorn.*

—Keith Plumb.

The Teacher's Task

*The mightiest deeds that the world has known
Were the work of the humblest men,
Who seeds of knowledge and goodness have
sown
With their lives and their tongue or their
pen.*

*If your classroom attainments are never
acclaimed
By the masses you're trying to reach,
Still keep before you this maxim framed:
"It is children, not subjects, you teach."*

*No lesson was futile, no project of naught,
If it carried home precepts sublime;*

*'Twas the needs of men's daily lives that were
taught
By the greatest Teacher of time.*

*And no matter how far we may think we rise
O'er the ways and ideals that held then,
It is still the enlightened man whom we prize--
The hope of his fellowmen.*

*And to-day, as about us we feast our eyes
On turmoil undreamed of then,
It is still the enlightened man whom we prize--
The hope of his fellowmen.*

—Keith G. Syer.



Docendo Discimus

*Voice of the ages, strong and deep,
Heed us as now we stand
Upon the path that leads
Onward—into the years of hope and strife.
Give to us strength to teach,
And teaching, learn the timeless words
That reach beyond our ken—
To heights where those who went before
May say, "Well done."*

—Keith Plumb.

Whither Canada?

❧ ❧ ❧ **W**HAT will become of Canada? Is she to be overwhelmed by a deluge of 'isms? Is she to be submerged beneath a sea of debts? Or will a few more years see her absorbed by a dictatorship? These questions may seem to you fantastic. They are not. On the contrary they are the real and serious problems which are confronting ten million people to-day.

In this country a situation has arisen which, under certain circumstances, might threaten Canada's security as a nation. Nazism, Fascism, Communism and Socialism have grown like insidious diseases, diseases which menace the very roots of our democracy.

Men, rich and poor, in all walks of life have joined these foreign organizations. Why? Because the fiery eloquence of some anti-governmental, anti-democratic dictator acted like a heady wine. They were carried away, with visions of Utopia.

Yet we, the average Canadian citizens, turned a blind eye and a deaf ear to these wrongs.

We let them go on. Yes, and we let the government spend our money, often neither wisely nor well. We listened to political candidates. We voted for the one who made far-away hills look most green. But did we see whether or not his promises were carried out? We did not. We went to sleep until the next election.

Just how long we would have remained in this state of coma is unpredictable, had not one young man awakened us. This young man is George McCullough, editor of the *Globe and Mail*. He brought Canadians from Atlantic to Pacific to their feet with his series of radio broadcasts. Mr. McCullough has penetrated to the root of present economic and social problems. More than that, he has proposed a remedy for them. But this remedy differs from the usual single-handed removal of wrongs attempted by the politician. His is to be a mass solution. We, the people, under a new institution, the Leadership League, are going to solve our own difficulties.

The League proposes reduction of government, taxes and debts. It intends to kill patronage, save home ownership, revive farming, beat unemployment, make railways pay, develop resources and speed defenses. Lastly it is to guard Freedom and gain unity.

This is a league "of the people, by the people, for the people". Thousands have joined. Public feeling is running high. Canada is awake. She is aware of existing wrongs at last. Moreover she intends to do something about them. And it is high time if we wish to retain our identity as a democracy.

Success for the League means success for Canada. It means new Freedom for us, new status as a nation.

But to accomplish its purpose the League must have support. Let us follow the example set by Sir Frederick Banting and Herbert Bruce. It is our duty to our country, our community and ourselves.

—WINIFRED VINING.

What I Expected To Gain From Normal School

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ AFTER spending six years in High School, I came to Normal with the idea that I knew just about all there was to know, and that I would be a very staid and dignified teacher. After I taught my first lesson that idea was given up. I was forced to transform myself into a child again and to play with sticks and blocks during school hours. When I had finished that lesson in a Grade II class, I, who had mastered Upper School Algebra, Geometry and Trigonometry, wasn't just quite sure if 6 and 2 really were 8. Perhaps in time I may be able to stand before a room full of wriggling prodigies and appear to know more than they do.

As for even attempting to be sedate—just try to write on the blackboard and answer the questions of an eager class at the same time. That requires the ability of an ambidextrous contortionist. Try to be sedate and composed when during a lesson in physical education one gets tangled up in a curtain wire while a master sits at the back of the room inscrutable.

Now that my year in Normal is almost over, I find that my scholastic ideals have been greatly reconstructed. There seems to be much learning yet ahead of me, though I hope I have accomplished something.

I have begun to develop a multi-track mind. I have developed a pachydermal exterior which allows me to withstand any amount of criticism and still keep smiling. Besides these accomplishments, I am one step nearer being able to walk in and out of the front door.

—MARY COLQUHOUN.

Bulletina

Another day at Normal is about to begin, and scores of young women and some men are gathering before me. To those interested in sport I proudly announce the score of last night's basketball game. I give a few excited souls little slips of coloured paper which direct them to the office. The young men have a peculiar kind of interest in my list of those who have to cook this week.

Soon a bell rings and the whole student body flocks into the Assembly Hall, leaving me to stand on guard near the office. I greet any stragglers rather disapprovingly and see that they sign the late-book on the table in front of me. It seems that there is a bell system throughout the whole building. At regular intervals during the day this bell rings, and students coming from every direction slowly shuffle past to gaze at me.

Of course I am a very able instructor and helper. I play a prominent part in election campaigns and am the first to announce the winners. My aid is sought immediately when anyone loses a pen, a key-case, or a pair of glasses. One morning not long ago a disgruntled young man came to me with a notice reading "Lost one pair of shoes. Anyone knowing their whereabouts please return." This note puzzled me very much until I overheard a conversation about a skating party of the night before. Late that night a Normalite was seen trudging his lady friend homeward with his feet sloshing in a pair of loose goloshes.

To-morrow shall be as to-day; my popularity never fades. It has withstood tests and time, but my green velvet vest is riddled. In fact, I am bulletin bored.

—HAROLD LEACH.

The Deserted Mill Pond

♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ **A**S soon as you get inside the belt of wood, and begin to go down to the pond, the damp, and the dusk, and the scent of the dead leaves make you feel as if you have just entered a very old country church.

Plenty of water dock grows in the wood, with its leaves like striped arrow-heads and its soft, drooping floss peeping below. Flags grow all about the pond, and in it, too. The corn-flag brightens the banks with great yellow flowers; and the iris nods its purple blossoms—looking a great deal nicer than it smells. Big tangled sheaves of bright green forget-me-nots dotted with tiny starlike blossoms of blue and gold, bulge over, and into the water.

A great part of the pond is choked and covered with crow-silk and water-flannel, sprinkled with glassy air-bubbles and bright-backed little beetles. White water-lilies and yellow pond-lilies spread sight of white and gold on glossy green leaves.

Little fish leap through duck-weed, almost covered with green scum, not as if they did it for the fun of the jump and the splash, but to keep for a moment out of the jaws of the shark-like pike that is waiting for them. Steel-blue dragon-flies zigzag over the water on their gauzy wings, and two or three king-fishers flash back and forth across it like streaks of variegated lightning.

And yet, for all this, the pond is a melancholy place.

—CATHERINE MCGARVIN.

Evening

The sun in a fiery chariot is just disappearing beyond the horizon on Lake Rosseau. There is a path of gold from the sun to your very feet, as you sit on the still warm rocks of the shore. The whole sky, west, east, north, and south is a great galaxy of innumerable colours, blended in harmony.

And now the sun has disappeared. What, a few minutes ago, was a picture of clouds, and sky, and trees, and islands, and water, gorgeously painted such bright colours, is now another picture, just as beautiful, but tinted tones subdued in the lingering after-glow. Pink and mauve, and delicate azure, mingled in exquisite harmony, are on sky and water, while deep, dark richness paints the surface of the lake in the shade of heavily wooded shores and islands.

Soon this too, has changed and the same picture is there, but this time in a fascinating silhouette, islands, trees, and rocks almost black, sky and water light, no shore line, but everything double, the reflections of the trees as clearly marked against the water as the trees against the sky.

The shadows deepen along the opposite shore, and stretch forward far over the glassy surface of the lake, like some mysterious hand reaching forth to grasp the pine-clad islands, which stand sentinel against the sky. Venus, herald of evening, has risen and taken her position in the west.

It is the reign of peace and quiet. Into your heart creeps a feeling of calmness and serenity, a feeling of rightness with God and man, and you know that all is well.

—RUTH JAMES.

Books---Our Heritage

✧ ✧ ✧ ✧ SINCE the days when the story of "Little Black Sambo" made our eyes grow wide with wonder until the present, when even "Principles of Method" cannot cause us dismay, books have been our constant companions. We have turned to them in joy and in sorrow, in peace and bewilderment. We have read for enjoyment, for diversion and for information. Never has a book shown signs of weariness at our much coming, or uttered protest at being kept waiting too long. Books are our truest friends and friendship is the greatest joy of life.

In the days of long ago few books were written and, because of the great expense, there was practically no circulation of them. With the invention of the printing press came the mighty advance in popular education. Books were scattered far and wide and found their way to the most distant corners of the globe. To-day, with the aid of public libraries, the very poorest can afford the fathomless wealth of books almost as easily as his richer neighbour.

But what are books? Are they merely, as the children say, "Black and white, and read all over," or have they a real and worthwhile significance? Good books are the embodiment of the knowledge, the high ideals and beautiful thoughts of the greatest minds of the ages. They are the vehicles of those who cannot afford the luxury of travel. They are the laboratories of those who have no opportunity to carry on scientific experiments. Their authors paint pictures for those who cannot visit famous art galleries. Some turn back the hands of the clock of Time to let us gaze upon the scenes of the past. Still others set before us examples of courage, loyalty and unselfishness in the lives of the great and good who have trod this path earlier than we.

Rich, indeed, are we to possess such companionship as this. Merely to walk into a library is to stand in the presence of kings, of statesmen and of scholars. "Books are the true Elysian fields where the spirits of the dead converse." Let us prize our heritage and seek, day by day, to become better acquainted with our book-friends, and to introduce to them the boys and girls under our leadership.

—JUNE DEACON.

On The Verge Of The Beyond

THE incident which I am about to relate took place some twenty years ago, but even now the feeling of wonder and awe associated with it is very great. . . But first let me acquaint you with Sylvia—and myself. Sylvia was an orphan and lived with Father Michael, the village priest. From our earliest childhood we had been together—roaming the fields together in our leisure time, learning our lessons together at Father Michael's knee, and practising our music together in the chapel on the hill. And as we grew older, it was indulgence in a mutual passion for music which bound our lives still more irresistibly together. . . There can be no doubt that Sylvia was a genius; for while I was still labouring over my lessons at the organ, she was playing the most entrancing little melodies of her own composition on her violin. We had planned a concert tour of Europe, and Sylvia had nearly completed her Sonata which was to introduce us to the musical circles at Paris, when I received news of the collapse of my father's business—a collapse which sent me off on a two-year trip to the Orient as a deck-hand on a sailing-vessel.

I never saw Sylvia again. Sometime, during the period I was away, her natural ill-health unexpectedly took an aggressive turn and Sylvia died.

Thus it was that I found myself on that wild November night climbing with despondent steps the long hill to the chapel where Sylvia lay. I was so utterly exhausted by grief that I scarcely noticed my surroundings; but I feel certain that the extreme melancholia of my spirits was aggravated by the oppressive dreariness of the autumn night—by the moan of the autumn wind, by the sombre tone of withered leaves drenched, and by the dismal drone of the cold driving rain.

Upon reaching the chapel, I entered quietly and sank down through sheer exhaustion in the pew where Sylvia and I had so often sat. How long I remained there, my elbows on my knees and my face in my hands, I do not know; but finally the noise of the rain beating against the window grew fainter and I must have fallen asleep. . .

My next recollection was that of becoming aware of my surroundings again in a slow fashion, as if I were awakening gradually from a deep sleep. Before I was quite awake, a slight sound caused me to turn my head and I saw—but how shall I describe what I beheld! It was Sylvia—the same glorious Sylvia I had known in life, adrift in a haze of blue chiffon—and in her hands she held her violin. As I glanced at her, she smiled her elfish smile by way of greeting and raised her violin to play.

Softly, trippingly, laughingly, her music flowed like liquid silver from her bow. For an hour she held me entranced. Then, smiling again, she lowered her violin and turned to go. Horrified at the thought of losing her, I made a vain attempt to call her name, to speak to her; but she only paused a moment, pressed something into my hand and was gone. . .

For a long time I stood in the same spot, unable to move. Then the noise of a door slamming shut startled me to my senses. With the gall-bitter realization that it had been only a dream, I turned to leave the chapel.

And then it was that I noticed I was carrying in my right hand a small silk handkerchief which could have come but from one source—the hand of Sylvia as she had grasped mine a moment before.

—KING VOGAN.

Bunny Rabbit Learns His Lesson

❧ ❧ ❧ **W**INTER had come to Donnybrooke Farm. The snow had fallen gently in the night and covered the earth with a soft blanket. Bunny Rabbit sniffed and his nose twitched eagerly with excitement. How hungry he was! If only he could go to the edge of the Big Forest to get some tender, green bark for his breakfast. But, only yesterday, Mother Rabbit had told him firmly that he must not leave without her consent and she had warned him sternly to watch out for the two-legged giants who carried those strange-looking machines with them.

But the more he thought of the juicy, green bark, the hungrier he became. At last the temptation overcame him and he ventured forth.

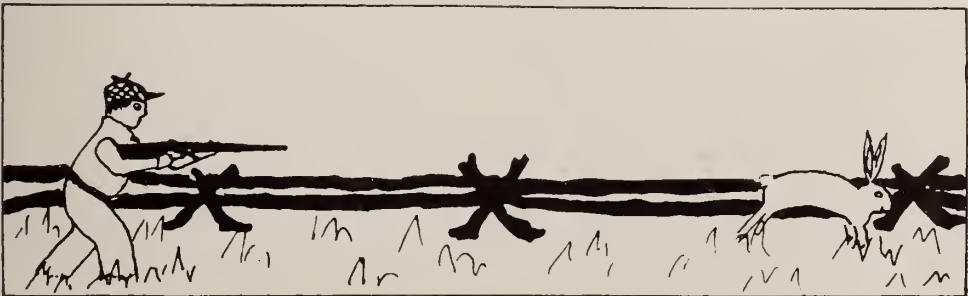
The sun was slowly rising in the east and its golden rays shone upon the dazzling snow. How lovely everything was! Bunny Rabbit scampered over the snow, hippity hop, hippity hop. Now and then he stopped to burrow through the snow to find some grass.

Suddenly, Bunny heard Thump! Thump! Thump! Now every little rabbit knows what that means. He stood up and listened and looked around. Then he saw two of those long-legged giants coming toward him. Bunny Rabbit dropped on his forepaws and ran for home just as fast as he could.

"Oh dear," he thought as he hustled along, "If only I'd listened to Mother Rabbit I'd be safe at home." Just then something went whizzing past him. It barely missed his ear. If he could only hurry a little faster.

At last he reached his own home and there was Mother Rabbit waiting for him at the door. He was safe now, but oh so tired and almost out of breath. He gasped breathlessly, "I'll never, never leave you again, Mother Rabbit."

—KATHLEEN BUDD.



The Little Kite

✧ ✧ ✧ ✧ **T**HERE was once a little kite that was so unhappy. It wanted to fly away and see the wide, wide world. One day Jimmie took the little kite out to play. The little kite said to the wind, "Please, Mr. Wind, blow me away from Jimmie. I want to see the wide, wide world." The wind sang, "O O —oo," and pulled the little kite right out of Jimmie's hand.

Away went the little kite, sailing through the air. It was having such a lovely time that it never noticed where it was going. Suddenly it flew right into a big tree. "Oh," cried the little kite, "What will happen to me now?"

Just then Jimmie came running to see where the little kite had gone. He climbed the tree, got the little kite, and carried it safely home. "I don't think that I want to see the wide, wide world after all," said the little kite.

—W. G. DUNCAN.

Snooker's Disgrace

One day, Mary Anne sat on the door-step, deep in thought. She had lost her best dolly, and was trying her hardest to remember where she had left her.

Mary Anne thought out loud, "The day before yesterday I was at Grandpa's, and I had my dolly with me. But I'm sure I brought her home, because I remember showing her all the pretty stars that were in the sky, and I'm certain I tucked her into her little crib that night. Oh, my pretty dolly, where did I leave you?"

While Mary Anne sat pondering, best dolly was having an adventure all her own.

Mary Anne's little dog, Snooker, had discovered best dolly asleep in her crib. She was so very pretty he just had to touch her. Best dolly blinked her eyes. Snooker was so delighted he felt he must touch her again. This time he picked her right up.

She was so cuddly and lovable that Snooker determined she should be his playmate, and, holding her tightly, he rushed to his favourite haunt, the attic. He had never had such a good time before. He tossed best dolly up in the air, and caught her as she came down. He kissed her pretty cheeks again and again with his rough, little tongue. He rolled over and over with her, and she never said a word, just blinked her eyes and smiled.

At last, Snooker was tired out. He left best dolly lying on the attic floor, and crept downstairs to his own soft pillow. He slept soundly all night, and, when he awakened in the morning, he had forgotten all about best dolly. Meanwhile, poor best dolly had been so tired and so frightened that she had cried herself to sleep.

While Mary Anne sat so deep in thought, Snooker, who had tried his best to make her play with him, gave up and went to find something more amusing.

He went to the attic, and there was best dolly lying on the floor. Snooker thought, "This is the very thing to make my mistress play with me." Snatching up best dolly, he scampered back to Mary Anne.

But, when Mary Anne saw best dolly in Snooker's mouth, she was so cross that Snooker hid himself for the rest of the day.

—VERA JONES.



☛ ☛ ☛ **W**E, the Normalites of 1939, seem to be the laughingest bunch some have ever encountered. But when it comes to putting on paper these laughs, they are gone forever from our blank heads. Many articles have been thrown around jauntily and classed as humour. Sometimes, the joke is hard to get. Other humorous things have happened throughout our happy year, but perhaps it would suit some if we didn't put them in the best year book yet.

These jokes below have never before appeared in print (worse luck for the readers). They are exclusively exclusive, for they are true.

If you don't see the joke, laugh anyway and pretend the 1939 Normalites had humour.

—ISABELLE HALE.

Two and Two

"Two and two are always four,
Always this and nothing more."
So we've heard from morn 'til night
And feel that here, at least, we're right.
But there is something not quite clear,
That makes this adage rather drear.
Not long ago we chanced to pick
A series lesson —'Rithmetic.
The first part was a masterpiece,
The second, smooth as axle grease,
The third, perhaps not quite the top,
The fourth, we fear, a total flop.
The critic teacher, kind and true,
Beheld our fall, and straightway grew

A trifle sad. Said she, "I know
The class is sleepy now, and so,
'Tis rather hard to concentrate
Upon the theme you contemplate;
But, even so, I must be stern
And from your gallant efforts turn,
To say that now, without a doubt,
We'll surely count this lesson—out."
The way is hard, the struggle more,
Results are gloomy, hearts are sore,
Because, despite the sage decree,
Two and two are sometimes three.

— Keith Plumb.

Adjustments

✧ ✧ ✧ ✧ **N**ORMAL SCHOOL!! Not one of us has spent this last year at Normal without making certain adjustments. Many of our vague notions of Normal School have been swept away, many have been substantiated, others we are not quite certain about even yet.

One of the subjects which at first seemed so very unfamiliar and foreign was Science of Education. It was stressed in this subject that we consider the necessity of adjustment to typical tendencies and capacities. You will remember, perhaps I should say you will no doubt recall, that this was developed under the following headings:

Physical Activity

The restless activity of the child (and we were reminded frequently by one authority that we are still infants until we have attained the age of twenty-one) is a characteristic which has important implications. We infants feel that this phase of our education has not been neglected.

Our early knowledge of the objects in our environment was obtained through finding out what we could do with them. We found ourselves doing arithmetic with sticks and rejoiced when we were able to do questions "like everything." We also learned how to convert a sand-table into a farm-yard.

No one but him who has made a salt and flour map realizes the physical activity connected with it. We are not quite certain, however, that the frantic efforts to keep the salt and flour from spreading throughout the boarding-house is rightly termed a pleasurable activity.

Many students become engrossed in the work-shop. This is where they think physical activity really has a place. Not only is this true during the actual time spent there, but also on the journey up three flights of stairs.

The kitchen too is the scene of industry. Busy cooks, male and female, whirl about as they endeavour to bring forth concoctions that will be assimilated without any grave danger. Margaret King, however, did surprise us by fainting after such an experience.

Of course, we have physical education to give us that relaxation so essential. We find that our minds cannot, however, relax completely for we must remember what Looby Loo "put in" next.

During some Science periods we have relaxation introduced by sudden proposals to plant flats in the basement, go out into nature to observe feeding-logs, or jump out of the territory of splashing water when experimenting with air pressure.

The child delights in motor expression. One young lady has not quite attained this—her delight is in her motor.

There are some physical activities yet to be attended to. For instance, there have been several suggestions that we might use our energy in rearranging some of the pictures. We also feel that the Home Economics course should include the regular dusting of the benches in Room 25.

Curiosity

Curiosity has been defined as the inquisitive attitude of the mind which causes the individual to seek out that which is strange. We have for the most part that feeling of wonder and thirst for the knowledge that will give us the answer to puzzling questions.

What does Miss Emery mean by "playing around"? What happened to Reid

Smith's shoes? How does Miss Gahan maintain her equilibrium during teaching weeks? How did it happen that Mary Colquhoun was seen at Roxy's when she definitely stated that she would be home studying? When will Agnes Donaldson and Earl Moore agree? From whence came the oranges that Form III enjoyed so much on their sleigh-ride? Why does Mr. McEachern prefer the term "the engagement of a teacher" rather than "the hiring of a teacher"? Which of the stories that Bill Duncan gave as explanation of his facial lacerations are we to believe? How can we acquire a good-natured disposition like that of Mr. Hagerman?

Competition

Competition should not be used to the extent of causing ill feeling. We are certain that Ed. Casey keeps his "telephone-calls-competition" to himself. He surely does not incite his fellow Normalites with jealousy, but rather proves to be a Normal Directory.

We have had no definite word, but there is evidence of competition of some species between two fond young couples. As yet there have been no wagers as to which will do it first.

Some days there is considerable competition between masters and students. Wits are wracked to be ready with a reply to any challenge. This "punny" sport is not limited to one Form, but is popular in all.

There is an opportunity for competition offered in the auditorium, but Mr. Wheeler usually wins when it comes to volume.

Acquired Interests

During our term at Normal we have acquired interests outside as well as inside the range of school activities.

Outsiders are quite bewildered at the interest Normalites have taken in dairying. A great percentage spent some of their Christmas vacation wandering through dairies, asking stimulating (?) questions.

The Puppet Group, all of whom were at some time or other in their childhood originally active in making mud-pies, have widened their interests. They now delight in "playing around" with clay on Saturday mornings in the Art room.

One would wonder WHAT the students had acquired at the open meeting of the Dramatic Club if one had looked in on the enthusiastic group of amateur pantomimers.

Present Knowledge

A child takes delight in any knowledge over which he has adequate control.

Anne Park surpasses all other students in her knowledge of gas meters. We wonder if Miss Park went to the gas company to get a Bill.

The students sitting in the front seats of Room 25 now know that the fate of every woman is that she is blamed for everything that goes wrong.

Fourth Form has learned to study Science of Education although they seem very reluctant to air their views in public.

Third Form has learned the art of combining industry with pleasure. Frequent outbursts of this Form have won for it Mr. Clarke's admission that he enjoys its "delightful frankness".

Second Form claims to have learned considerable, but they prefer having Marg. Braidford give the answers to questions directed at them.

First Form has learned from Dr. Mark's lectures that the temperature of a place depends on where you have come from and where you are going.

ADJUSTMENTS! What a host of them! But it's all in the life of a Normalite attending Normal where things are least normal. Three cheers for Normal!

—KATHRYN HAYES.

ACTIVITIES

Result of Ticket Contest

✧ ✧ ✧ ✧ **F**IRST Form won the contest for selling the most tickets to our Year Book party by the huge majority of one ticket. However, it was Third Form that had the greatest form representation at the affair. They are to be congratulated for the Form spirit that they possess.

Those First Form People

| Name | Appearance | Where Found | Hobby |
|----------------|---------------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| Ed. Casey | Tall, dark, handsome | At every party | Telephoning |
| Wm. Duncan | Tall, dark | Any court of law | Punning |
| J. Fowley | Dark | Cum Puellis | Constant muttering |
| Ed. Gawley | Handsome (ask his mirror) | In the dale | Studying dales |
| R. Hagerman | Bewhiskered | Unpredictable | A lovely (??) car |
| E. Hampel | Sleepy | Mostly in bed | (P)raising partridges |
| H. Leach | Tall and slim | Just around | Being a guard |
| J. Lackey | Sleek (natural ?) | In the red | Carrot tops |
| D. McLachlan | Shy but --? | With the basketballs | Studying |
| E. Moore | Beau Brummel | On the L. & P. S. | St. Thomas' gal |
| S. Morris | Bustling | Off the record | Editorials |
| K. Plumb | Tall, gigantic, massive | With the short gals | Short femmes |
| G. Schleifhauf | Glorious | Parnell's bakery | Seeking glory |
| R. Smith | Tiny | Fishing | Borrowing suits |
| K. Syer | Encyclopedic | Libraries, labs, etc. | Knowledge |
| K. Vogan | Hazy | Walking | Nuts |
| F. Zurbrigg | Dwarfish | Where no work is | Singing (?) |
| B. Adams | Always in bloom | With the teacher | Checking up |
| S. Agar | Quiet | With books | Debating |
| M. Alexander | Youngish | With Mildred | Good lessons |
| F. Alton | Blondie | On Duchess | Red Cross |
| C. Andrews | Buxom | She won't say | Unintrusiveness |
| K. Armstrong | Quiet and comely | Bruce Street | Unknown |
| M. Armstrong | Athletic | Taking music lessons | Giving other lessons |
| N. Balkwill | Also athletic | With the basketballs | Arguing |
| Marg. Beatty | Slim, willowy | Wherever there's fun | Sports |
| Marj. Beatty | Blonde Venus | With her mail | Cultivating celery |
| H. Beecroft | Regal | We often wonder | The life of a king |
| G. Bergey | Intellectual but - | With the naturalists | Science |
| D. Bondy | Dark, mysterious | At her boarding house | River Canard orchids |

Form 3 --- A Pome

Our form is "Hale" and hearty
It "Hath-a-way" with it.
Not one of us would a "Kir-by" (cur be)
We have no tramps but "Hicks."
Our "McDougal" did a "Mait-land" (mate
land).
He's a "Marval" so we're told.
And Jean Humphries has it first hand
That his razors he'll not "Hone."
But still we feel romantic.
"Vera" thinks she'll "Winn-i-fred" (win
a Fred).
"James" says, if feeling that way
She needs an "Isaac" on her head (ice
sack)
When we hear of an "Honor" "L(e)eson"
We are all quite in a "Hayes".
"McClafferty" says to the Masters
"Oh, can't you help us 'plaise'?"
But they "Laidlaw" down to us

That we should not "Lamont",
But "Hugg - 'ard" our ambition
And try to reach the top.

Form III is of the fair sex.
Of this you will agree.
But it would surely make your "Jo-liffe"
(jaw lift)
To hear of our sons three.
We have "Hickson" and "Johnston"
And "Hutchison," you see.
We sing of "Jean" who "Is-a-bel"
"Anne", my, how she can cook.
Brown "Betty" is her specialty,
She found it in a book.
But now our tale is ended,
The muse has taken wing.
We'll all stand up together
And sing "God Save the 'King.'"

—KATHRYN HAYES.



Form 2---Do You Remember?

We distinctly remember spending a good deal of time laughing, but how difficult it is to recall those amusing events.

* * * *

Oh yes! The day Mary Colquhoun sat—but on the floor!

* * * *

And again—singing a "Happy Birthday" to a blushing and bewildered Alice Brown.

* * * *

Laverna Boughner, with the inevitable yellow attendance sheet. What an observant soul she is!

* * * *

Mr. Clarke's face when Margaret Braidford used lipstick as an original example.

* * * *

The look on the faces of all the second form when Mr. McEachern took up the answers to the Hamlet examination.

* * * *

We have been taught that there is no impression without expression or application. Mr. McKone has certainly impressed us all with Doris Garnham's relative position (the seat of the blissful bride) with regard to matrimony. Will this be followed by an expression of an engagement or the application for a license, Doris?

* * * *

Second Form knows that Mr. McKone "ain't no sissy". Proof (Inductive Reasoning): He didn't know that a belt could be made from $\frac{1}{8}$ of a yard of material. He's a man's man for a' that.

DO YOU REMEMBER?---Continued

"Now you are a bright young lady, aren't you Miss Cheesman"? "I think so."
(And then he always proves I'm not.)

* * * *

We hate to boast, but—

Dear Third Form—remember the Basketball games? Wait until you see our crests!
You should have seen the bruises—Oh, Sis Hale—

* * * *

Possibly First Form recalls the spelling match. Gloria, to speak periphrastically,
would be a winnah anywhere. Ask Glen!

* * * *

Of course the debate didn't go our way, but we tried hard. How were we to know
that Dewey knew so many descriptive adjectives about war?

* * * *

We haven't covered everything which happened through the year, but then you
know the old principle which says—pupil activity. By all means don't do too much
for your class. So we'll leave the rest for you to reconstruct from your past experience.

* * * *

P. S.—Do you remember the day that everybody told me what to write for Second
Form Humour? That night I removed the first gray hair from my head.

* * * *

P. P. S.—How many did Margaret Braidford remove from hers?—EDNA BROWN.

Fourth Form Rogue Gallery

The Dead End Kids

"We Won't Talk"

| Convict No. | Alias | Offense | Past Record |
|-------------|------------------------|------------------------------|---------------------|
| 89 | "Rosy" McGarvin | Stealing Plumbs | Belle of the Ball |
| 91 | "Monteith" Meredith | Concealed ability | Roman Holiday |
| 92 | "Parsin" Moore | Jess a gigolo | Past perfect active |
| 93 | "Silent" Morrison | Refuses to talk | Unknown |
| 94 | "Choppin' Niblock | Light fingers | Picking up tunes |
| 95 | "Mandoline" Oatman | Sowing wild oats | ?????????? |
| 96 | "Moytle" Ogle | Burning up the Highroads | Ogling passers-by |
| 98 | "Ypsi" Parky | Breaking and entering hearts | Bill collector |
| 99 | "Early Bird" Partridge | Hunting out of season | Ample |
| 100 | "Windy" Payne | Not payin' | Paid up |
| 101 | "Cebbege" Petch | Marking felines | Patchy |
| 103 | "Pauline" Phillips | Blanket stealing | Woo-Woo |
| 104 | "Flips" Phipps | Insulting a sheriff | Killing time |
| 107 | "Two-Pun" Sheriff | Ma-lingering | Once a pun a time |
| 108 | "Scotty" Taylor | Keeps bad company | Lofty |
| 109 | "Lady" Taylor | Seams overcast | Needles to say— |
| 110 | "Dora" T—Bow | Tells tales | Rose y. |
| 111 | "Sliver" Thompson | Hoffering services | Spiled |
| 112 | "Pester" Vester | Dis-Gustin | Frank |
| 113 | "Freddy" Vining | Withering Canada | Pretty red |
| 114 | "Windsor" Weller | Tampering with the mail | Howard we to know |
| 115 | "Wilden" Woollev | Shooting a line | Confidence man. |

—Still Won't Talk

Lost and Found

Anyone answering to the name of Marian McClafferty return to owner.

* *

A speech made by Agnes Donaldson.

* *

One General Science Book—return to first drawer in first row on east side of Science Room.

* *

Lost one street car ticket—return to Mary Cheesman.

* *

Reid Smith and Wilma Goodison—lost to the world. Please return at once.

* *

Lost—one lesson card, very important. Return at once to Agnes Donaldson.

* *

Margaret McDougall lost. Return to Normal School.

* *

King Vogan lost one honour lesson. Return immediately or he may fail.

* *

Lost—several basketball games. Return to Gloria Downey.

* *

Lost—anything from a fountain pen to a spare tire. Return to Doris Gent.

* *

Found by Miss Emery—two people who can design Christmas cards.

* *

Found—one able typist. Can not be had at any price.

* *

Lost—books, books, and more books. Return to Miss Gahan.

* *

Lost—one picture of Howard. Return to Dene Weller at once. She has only six others.



Crazy Concepts and Percepts

Concept

Kathryn Hayes, at the doctor's office, when the doctor was dressing her wound, asked, "What is that? Salad dressing?"

Percept

While studying "The Rivals," Muriel Payne explained that Captain Absolute was going under the name of Beverly Baxter.

Percept

When asked by Dr. Mark to look up the word "project" in the dictionary, Margaret Phipps stated that it did not appear in that volume since there were no words at all between "profuse" and "progeny".



Springbank



Glee Club
Executive



Are we in it? — Well I guess!



But They Mean Well

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ MISS DAVIDSON (summarizing her lesson on care of the skin): "In the skin there are tiny openings, but we have just been into them—". It sounds quite impossible, but Miss Davidson means well.

We have not yet seen Mr. McEachern's complete collection of historical illustrations, but he means well.

We have not a very definite idea just what Miss Emery means when she tells us to "play around," but we're sure she means well.

As spring approaches Mr. McKone bursts forth into poesie, but he means well.

Miss Emery doesn't seem to appreciate our ability to make Christmas cards, but we mean well.

Form III has a reputation for "delightful frankness," but they mean well.

Mr. Casey disappointed Agnes at the dance, but he meant well.

Mr. Reid Smith is breaking all our hearts, but he means well.

We shiver and shake (with glee?) looking at trees, flowers, hot-beds, etc., but we hope Dr. Hofferd beads well.

Mr. Hagerman is anxiously awaiting the day when he can once again wear that silk hat. He certainly means well.

We enjoy that Monday morning smell. Whatever it is or wherever it comes from puzzles the brightest of us. However, it means well.

Dr. Mark believes that a glimpse of a graph will tell a complete story, but he means well.

Miss Rider evidently believes that we should be "big stiffs," but she means well.

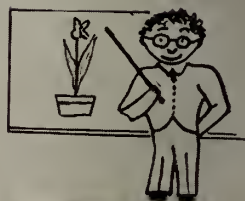
Miss Gahan tried to make us all "story tellers," but she meant well.

Miss McGarvin or someone has gone Plumb crazy. They mean well.

Mr. Wheeler insists that a teacher who can't sing should fall back on the phonograph. He means well.

Mr. McEachern advises that there be no dates given under Grade 5. If that means that he sanctions dates immediately after that, we can only hope that he means well.

Edna Brown found herself calling Mr. McKone "Victoria"—but she meant well.



Lesson Plan

| Name | Aim | Motivation | Problem | Expression |
|--------------|---------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------------|------------------------|
| R. Hagerman | To emigrate | Peterborough | Star-gazing | We wouldn't dare |
| M. Alexander | Men | Men | Men | Has he got a friend? |
| E. Moore | To squelch Donaldson | Presence of Red Hair | L. & P. S. | Making speeches |
| G. Bergey | Who mutilated my book? | Uncle | To find him | Oh, I found him. |
| M. Beatty | To be unbroke | Dancing | Boy from home | Petrolia |
| M. Cheesman | Realized | SHE motivates | Catch that street car | My brother! |
| S. Hale | Food taster | Food | Where to get food | Periodic disturbances |
| M. Phipps | Quit typing | Publishing | Typing | C'mon, gang |
| D. Weller | Windsor | Him | Where to put the next picture | I got a letter! |
| M. Hutchison | Future stars | Basketball | Basketball players | Let's go to the game |
| K. Hayes | Guide her room-mate | Ferdinand | Uphold the women | Arguing with Mr McKone |
| C. Butt | To keep plants alive | The people's choice | There ain't any | Now, Dewey! |
| J. Fowlie | Girls | We wonder | Which? | How about it? |
| F. Zurbriigg | Opera singer | Science | His height | I couldn't say |
| L. Boughner | Keep a perfect score | Yellow | Attendance sheet | Is Doris here? |
| E. Brown | Room-mate's date recorder | Room-mate | Cease laughing | I don't get it |
| M. Fenik | To find out | Opportunity to question | Asking questions | I mean— |
| J. Humphries | Find locker key | Windsor | Will he call? | Peripatetic |
| C. Lamont | Kellogg's Singing Lady | Cheerfulness | Write minutes | Telling stories |
| G. Woolley | Please Mr. McKone | Arithmetic | St. Thomas | Talking, talking |
| I. Taylor | Keep Dewey on time | Clocks | Dewey | Are you ready, Dewey? |
| J. Moore | Get one over on Anne | Parsing | Amherstburg | Pleasing Mr. Clarke |

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CANADA

Anne Park sat in the library deep in a book of Geometry. Ralph Hagerman casually strolled by and dropped a casual remark. "There's Anne Park studying up another line."

* * *

Miss Sheriff and Miss Phipps were engaged in a study of textiles in Miss Davidson's room. Miss Sheriff requested Miss Phipps to get a certain piece of material from the desk. At the end of a minute Miss Sheriff asked, "Have you gone yet?"

The reply was, "Yes, I'm gone, but not for cotton."

Keith Plumb: "Let's go to the movies tonight, Jack."

Fowlie: "Okay, but I really ought to stay home and help Dad with my homework."

* * *

Dr. Hofferd: "What is the formula for water?"

Kay McGarvin: "H.I.J.K.L.M.N.O.P."

Dr. Hofferd: "Who told you that?"

Kay: "You did. You said it was H to O."

* * *

Dr. Hofferd: "How did you find the weather outside?"

Duncan: "Oh, I just went outside and there it was."

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Gloria: "Yes, two from electric companies and one from the gas people."

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Mr. Clark: "You aren't one of those fellows who drop their books and go as soon as the bell goes, are you?"

Fowlie: "Not me. Why, I often have to wait five minutes after I put my books away before the bell goes."

* * *

If we are to believe the tombstones, the good die at all ages and the wicked don't die at all.

* * *

Dr. Hofferd: "Miss Hale, what disease causes the most deaths among cows?"

Miss Hale: "Bang's disease."

Dr. Hofferd: "Bang's disease?"

Miss Hale: "Yes, it's caused by cars banging into them."

Miss Hicks had been duly warned that no student teacher, however bright, could get the attention of a certain problem-child in such and such a class.

Miss Hicks' lesson was progressing nicely and the problem-child was all alert. Miss Hicks patted herself on the back. She had at last done the impossible.

Later, however, her pride was dashed to the ground. The little enigma approached Miss Hicks after the lesson, and said, "How do you manage to keep all those curls on top of your head?"

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Counting Mud Puddles

The family was staying by the lake for the Summer, and it was the task of Jimmy, the six-year-old of the family, to go each morning to a neighbouring farm for the day's milk. This meant a return trip of about two miles, and Jimmy was gone usually about an hour.

One beautiful morning, after a night of heavy rain, Jimmy went upon his accustomed errand. He was a very long time gone. The family fussed and fidgeted, for there was no milk for breakfast until Jimmy arrived. Finally, they saw him coming slowly along the lakeside road, with his head down, and apparently absorbed in something he could see on the ground. Shouts of "Hurry up" were of no avail to quicken his pace, and resignedly the family retired into the house to await the arrival of the culprit.

Suddenly he burst into the kitchen with the exultant cry: "Oh, Daddy, I bet you don't know how many mud puddles there are in the road between our place and the farm! Why, there are two hundred big ones and little ones. I counted them!"

Poor Jimmy! There was a glorious sky overhead. There was a shining blue lake with white boats on it. There were green trees and red birds. But Jimmy saw only the mud puddles.

But why laugh at Jimmy? The world is full of people who travel life's road and see only the mud puddles.

—ELIZABETH HONE.



163's

165's



Mendelssohn's or Wagner's ?



The Gardener's Feathered Friends

*Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these,
Whose household words are songs in many keys?*

—Henry W. Longfellow.

THE gardener is interested in birds, not only because of their aesthetic qualities, but also because of their economic importance as servants. The grace with which they flit about in garden and orchard from dawn till dusk, and their gay songs expressive of contentment, love or joy, have captivated all lovers of nature. Their untiring activities, their unique capacities for insect pests and weed seeds, and their service to man as scavengers never cease to be a marvel. Indeed, the more we observe their matchless beauty and their useful habits, the more anxious are we to encourage them and to make them our friends.

As the migrants return to us in the Spring, their nest-building habits intrigue us. Most of them display fine discrimination in selecting building material and in artful methods of construction, employing the elements of both carpentry and basketry and sometimes both plastic and textile art. In the nest, when the young are hatched, the parents exemplify in most cases an ideal family life. The fidelity of mates to each other and the devotion to their brood have scarcely yet been attained in human society.

Among our garden visitors only the English Sparrow and the Starling are not welcome guests. In these advanced times every intelligent gardener is prepared to sacrifice some strawberries and cherries to the Robin which in return daily consumes hundreds of insect pests. William Rittenhouse has worked out the following Robin arithmetic which is worth reflecting upon. "A pair of Robins eat two worms or insects every minute all Summer long and also raise one or two broods of young Robins to do the same. Counting that the Robin starts to look for the early worm at five o'clock in the morning and keeps up his search until five in the afternoon, that makes twelve hours, and thus 1,440 worms for the pair. For at least four months the Robins stay with us. Robins live about fifteen summers, if their enemies let them. So, in one lifetime, a pair of Robins could destroy 2,592,000 bugs and worms." The great merit of the Robin is the fact that it feeds itself and its brood almost entirely on cutworms, earthworms and the white grub which is the larva of the May beetle. Of all our pests, the underground cutworm is usually considered the most destructive and in a test case it was found that one Robin ate 160 cutworms in one day. Therefore, by encouraging the Robins, the gardener is protecting from pests his rows of cabbage, cauliflower, peas, tomatoes, corn and beets. The helpful acts of most birds generally outweigh their mischief. Before harming or discouraging any bird, the snap judgments of the casual observer should be replaced by discriminating observation and experiment.

As practical encouragement for the Robin, simple shelves are often built in some sheltered place in the garden, 6 to 15 feet above the ground or under the porch roof or the eaves of the house, where there is protection from rain and the direct rays of the sun. These small shelves, 6 by 8 inches in size, are outlined with a half-inch strip on top so as to prevent dislodgment of the nests during stormy weather.

Bluebirds with their beautiful plumage and sprightly songs are early arrivals that need encouragement. Lack of it has driven them to snake fences and old stumps for nesting places, and the gardener has largely lost their great assistance in controlling insects. They eat neither grain nor fruit. They do not like noises, cats, Starlings or English Sparrows. But they do like a simple bird house with a floor area 5 or 6 inches square. The circular entrance should be near the top and 1½ inches in diameter. Since they commonly raise two broods in a season, have a second house ready for occupancy when the young are leaving the first nest. Every lover of Nature would be glad to see these charming birds return to the garden and orchard. For shelter and protection they will repay their friends an hundredfold.

The Gardener's Feathered Friends

[Continued]

The catbird, another beneficial friend, also likes the society of mankind. Its peculiar mewing note, however, has prejudiced some people against it. But it also has other notes which make it one of our most accomplished musicians. If encouraged, in the morning and evening it will pour forth its clear notes from the top of a tree in the garden or lawn. Remember, too, that its food during the early summer consists of caterpillars and beetles taken from the branches and leaves of trees and after a rain it may be seen on the ground devouring cutworms and grubs. Later it will leave you to seek elderberries and other wild fruits unless you provide these for it in your garden.

The Flicker or Golden-winged Woodpecker is frequently seen on the ground so engrossed in his search for ants that you may nearly reach him before he will take wing. He also devours grasshoppers, beetles, moths and other ground insects. This visitor can also be persuaded to become a resident by building the right kind of house for him in the right place. Make it similar to his natural home in a partly decayed tree with the diameter of the entrance $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches and the depth of the cavity 16 to 18 inches. The nest should be 10 to 20 feet above the ground.

Other useful garden birds are the Brown Thrasher, with its loud, clear, musical notes ringing from some tree-top; the Phoebe, a sociable bird, having an alert and industrious manner as it catches insects on the wing; the Purple Martin who is readily attracted by a suitable colony kind of house painted white; and, of course, the House Wren, the Chickadee, the Nuthatch and the Brown Creeper, all of which feed principally on minute insects and their eggs, which, if it were not for these birds, would do great damage to fruit and cause much loss to the growers.

If you wish to attract these birds, make sure there are no hungry cats or hunting dogs to molest them. Provide suitable bird baths during the summer and a little food when their choice is scarce. Plant shrubs and vines that bear berries and construct favourable nesting places. By thus alluring them into your service, you will find yourself repaid in countless pleasures.

—GEO. W. HOFFERD.



